

## *These are the closing words*

### ‘Catching the Drift’

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There is an old line of Freud’s on the transference. It goes like this:

‘... an unconscious idea is, as such, quite incapable of entering the preconscious, and ... it can only exercise any effect there by establishing a connection with an idea which already belongs to the preconscious, by *transferring its intensity on to it* and by getting itself “covered” by it.’ (Freud, 1900a, SE V 562, in Laplanche and Pontalis, *The Language of Psychoanalysis*, p. 457) [italics added]

This idea Sigmund probably had before the site of transference was allocated, specifically, to that abyss between the cigar man’s chair and the body on the couch. Later Dr Carl set the site of the intensity in the quadrilateral triangle between his knees and hers - and that was probably well and good. Dr Carl probably did his best work in that animated fountain - the Rosarium - that Mystery which lent this Conference its odd-couple icon.

The old Freud still grips like a monkey wrench - the surfacing intensity bit I mean, transferring to something on the way up - the unthought unknown looking for a thinker - it might have been his best insight, for all I know - the one about unconscious ideas cruising all the time and how to catch the drift. Freud worked out a way to catch the drift in his doctor’s room. Well and good.

Freud's unconscious in every day life suggests to me that the drift is in the streets, in the rain, in any psychic pain, in absolutely any situation at any time of the day or night - the psychic intensity intention impulse is active, alight, restlessly hunting, gathering, linking, pushing, trying to get the goddamn surfacing beta- bitten thing up, like a Jewfish from the river. Or - go the sweet water way – she's delicately, deliciously, gathering a hundred tawny jelly fish on the tide, rehearsing them in the ballet of the selected fact. Phosphorescent Amygdalina's gravid water.

The thing is - she is always coming out; she is always coming to the surface and any time two or three gather together with a bit of intent and just enough humility, and maybe halfway intact alpha function – then - up she comes - in the name of a truth. Mouth wide open like an O.

Unconscious – preconscious 'ideas' with anxiety and intensity attached did hook into the 40 or so people gathered in transit at the Vibe Hotel, Parkville on October 20-21, 2007. And, despite the visible intentions of which Leon writes in the Intro, the truths of intent of that gathering may not have been clear to most of us until after the aftermath, maybe only now as matters surface in these *Proceedings*. So be it. We live in murky times and can show a little mercy to the emergent.

This is an Afterword, the last of fishing the net, there has been enough integration going on in the editing of this collection; we'll let it go now and leave the last words, untrammelled, to two participants.

**KATHLEEN MCPHILLIPS**

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The conference was a great experience to catch up with people I don't see very often and to bring together analysts and academics interested in Analytical Psychology. It is no secret that universities find the study of Jung's work problematic and it often feels like being on the edge when you research, write and teach (if you can) in the area. So just for getting rid of a chunk of isolation, the conference was really valuable.

For me, the stand-out papers were: *'The Making of a Representative'* given by Peter Fullerton who used a Doris Lessing story to explore the role of the analyst working with couples in marital therapy. This provided a wonderful bridge between the imaginative uses of literature and the reality of marital analysis. Also, Leslie Devereaux's sensitive and wistful account of her field-work with the Maya people in South America when she was a young woman. I particularly appreciated her generous acknowledgement to the 'fathers' of the discipline, Emile Durkheim and Max Weber, whom I have also studied and critiqued: it was really valuable to hear Leslie's acceptance of their contribution to her thinking, rather than the standard accounts of where they went 'wrong'.

Along with Giles Clark, Leslie raised the question: 'can we ever know the other?'. And what does it mean to be moving towards the other in our respective work? This seems such a profound and necessary question to ask whether we are doing field-work or therapy. And maybe the two forms of work are similar in their orientation to others. There seemed to be a number of touch points between therapy and scholarship, and it was really worthwhile to think about this amongst such a good group of people.

On Saturday morning in her opening comments Margaret Caulfield gave a very brief overview of previous embodiments of Jungian meetings. She men-

tioned that 20 years ago, although women were present they tended to be in the background but not really visible. Margaret said she hoped that had now changed and there was more of a gender balance. Then on Sunday morning Margaret used her opening comments to ask a question about where the shadow might emerge at the conference. For me there was not much doubt. The gender politics were pretty difficult. I became aware of it as Saturday wore on, and the podium was populated by mostly men. I wondered about whether to say something. I discussed it with some of my women friends; they also had noticed it. I observed how difficult it became to think about standing up and saying something. As a woman, to become a speaking subject would have involved the possibility that I may be stereotyped as a whingeing feminist; or worse, a mad hysteric (for some the same thing). I also did not want to criticise my sisters who seemed to be doing a lot of hard work to keep things rolling.

Either way I felt myself censored and resented having to 'carry' the gender load. Why does it have to be women who stand up and point out the gender issues? Do men see it at all? It is so normative for men to speak as the authoritative voice - and plenty of men spoke from the podium, yet when I looked around, there were many women present who could have also spoken. I think Margaret's two questions at the beginning of the day turned out to be very astute.

The other disappointment was that on the last session on Sunday when we could have had a discussion about the future of the conference and discussions, we sat through an unscheduled paper and so lost that opportunity, which was frustrating. I hope there will be a future for this group: the meeting points between analysis and academia feel rich and productive.

## PETER DICKER

Psychologist, Illawarra region

It was a weekend of passionate, if not always coherent, presentations by (Jungian) Analysts and (Jungian) Academics in turn. There was a feeling, however, that it was not until the very end of the conference that the possibility of a true dialogue between these professions could be imagined. One sensed that a highly valuable conversation, between clinician and theoretician, was still waiting to happen.

## MARY GAUTHIER

We close with lines from Mary Gauthier's Texas country album, 'Mercy Now'.

*My father could use a little mercy now  
The fruits of his labor  
Fall and rot slowly on the ground  
His work is almost over  
It won't be long and he won't be around  
I love my father, and he could use some mercy now*

*My brother could use a little mercy now  
He's a stranger to freedom  
He's shackled to his fears and doubts  
The pain that he lives in is  
Almost more than living will allow  
I love my brother, and he could use some mercy now*

*My church and my country could use a little mercy now  
As they sink into a poisoned pit  
That's going to take forever to climb out*

*They carry the weight of the faithful  
Who follow them down  
I love my church and country, they could use some mercy now*

*Every living thing could use a little mercy now  
I know we don't deserve it  
But we need it anyhow  
We hang in the balance  
Dangle 'tween hell and hallowed ground  
Every single one of us could use some mercy now*

And thus it goes.



## ACKNOWLEDGEMENT

Both the Mary Gauthier lyric and the lonesomehighway records icon 'Coexist' are reproduced here with kind permission from lonesomehighway records. See also [www.marygauthier.com](http://www.marygauthier.com) and the 'myspace' link.

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